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PILLAGE AND PLUNDER—German Gipsies Harassing the Countryside.

Amusing scenes were witnessed in Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Northamptonshire on Saturday. The gipsies, who had slept overnight in the cattle pens of Leicester Market, were escorted outside the borough by the police. When the borough boundary was reached, the county police supplied the escort, and conducted the gipsies, who wanted to go to Rugby, to the Warwickshire boundary. Here they found a cordon of between twenty and thirty Warwickshire police drawn up across the road and barring the way into Warwickshire. For an hour the Leicestershire police stood parleying with the Warwickshire police, but the latter would not budge an inch. Then the Leicester police forced the gipsies to proceed up Watling Street. At each turn into Warwickshire the band, encouraged by some of the police, attempted to force a passage, but they were unsuccessful. At one place the women rushed at the Warwickshire police with sticks, but they were disarmed before they could inflict any injury. Eventually the Leicestershire police managed to end the struggle by deftly moving all the caravans into Northamptonshire, whose police had not put in an appearance.

LITTLE AILMENTS

SUCH AS

HEADACHE, WIND, LOST APPETITE, WEARINESS,

MEAN

INDIGESTION

They should on no account be neglected. They weaken your system, and fill your blood with impurities; for undigested food yields, not nourishment but poison. Thus your body starves while the stagnant masses of food in your stomach cause pain and discomfort

AND LEAD TO

SERIOUS ILLNESS.

"I lost appetite, and after eating I had a feeling of discomfort. This grew worse, till food caused me actual pain. I was much troubled with wind and headache, and felt dreadfully run down and weak. I got no real rest night or day. I tried many things but only Mother Seigel's Syrup cured me." From Mrs. E. Purser, 9, Queen Street, Stony Stratford, Bucks. July 16, 1906.

TAKE

MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP

The Supreme Remedy for DIGESTIVE TROUBLES

The 2/6 bottle contains three times as much as the 1/1½ size.

CHILDREN TEETHING

TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S

Soothing Syrup

FOR CHILDREN TEETHING

Has been used over 55 years by millions of mothers for their children while teething with perfect success. It SOOTHES the child, softens the gums, allays all PAIN, cures WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA.

Sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ per bottle.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES.

50 Years' Reputation.

FOR

COUGHS & COLDS, INFLUENZA, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, LOSS OF VOICE.

Of all Chemists, 1/1½ per box.

ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTES.

CAMP COFFEE IS A REAL BOON

Cheap to buy, easy to prepare, pure and fragrant. 'Camp' makes as good a cup of coffee as the most critical can desire. Made instantly with boiling water or hot milk

'CAMP' COFFEE

Ask your grocer for 'Camp.'

R. Paterson & Sons, Coffee Specialists, Glasgow.

PHIT-FOOT Every Pair Made to Measure.

Boot 13/6 Direct from Factory.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

BESPOKE BOOT FACTORY,

Head Office: Rushden, Northampton.

Depôts: St. Peter's Sq., Nottingham; New County Arcade, Leeds; Corporation St., Manchester; and 43 Savile Street, Hull.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Cabinet meeting last week: Mr. Asquith in Downing Street on his way to attend the meeting.

KING HAAKON AND QUEEN MAUD.

Stories of our Royal Visitors.

("P.I.P." Special.)

During their visit to Sandringham the King and Queen of Norway will stay at Appleton Hall, the former home of Queen Maud. The Hall is now the English residence of Their Majesties, the house and estate being managed in their absence by Colonel Henry Knollys, the Comptroller. One day Queen Maud took King Edward to see a wishing well in the grounds at Appleton. Nearly all the members of the Royal Family had on various occasions invoked the genius of the well. Queen Maud informed the King of its wonderful powers. "Look into it," she said; "wish for something you require, and it will be yours." King Edward gazed into the depths for a moment, then shook his head mournfully. "It is no good my wishing for anything," he said, "without the consent of Parliament."

Queen Maud was always a devoted admirer of Dickens. She confesses that she has "laughed and cried over and over again" over his books. She knows her favourite story, "A Christmas Carol," almost by heart. "No one," she says, "can be really bad who can cry over Tiny Tim. Whenever I feel that I am getting a wee bit selfish I read 'A Christmas Carol' through; then I feel that I must do something to lighten the lives of the many brave-hearted little cripples there are in the world." Every Christmas-time she remembered Tiny Tim by sending to the various homes and hospitals for crippled and deformed children in London large parcels of presents for the unfortunate little ones. Attached to each of the presents was a card with the inscription, "With Tiny Tim's love."

Particularly Interesting People.

SOME MEN AND WOMEN OF THE WEEK.

When the Dickens play "Scrooge" was being performed at the Vaudeville, Queen Maud said, "On my birthday I mean to go to the Vaudeville to see 'Scrooge'—that will be my great treat." King Edward, hearing of this, decided to give his daughter a pleasant surprise, and immediately made arrangements for the whole of the Vaudeville Company to appear at Sandringham on that day. On this particular birthday Prince Edward of York said a good thing. He was told that if he was a good boy he should be taken to hear Dan Leno sing. "Oh, how nice!" he exclaimed joyfully. "Will daddy sing with him?"

When King Haakon was an apprentice in the Danish Navy his fellow-middies delighted to describe him as "a piece of Court furniture." They took care that he got no better "grub" than themselves, and jealously watched so that he should have no advantages or extras over and above his comrades. If anything, he suffered because of his rank. This lent piquancy to their horse-play, and they "hazed" him, therefore, on every possible occasion, but trudging out of their way, they found his home and restored him, laden with goodies, to his mother.

After a wearying round of hospitals, bazaars, and exhibitions, Queen Maud was once driven to exclaim, "What a blessing it must have been to have been born a Princess in the days when they had nothing to open and shut." Queen Maud, indeed, has never been over-fond of "that divinity which doth hedge a King." Before her marriage, her greatest delight was to go about incog. A certain book of confessions contains the following entry in her handwriting: "I sometimes get tired of being 'Royal,' especially when I am looked at and 'wondered' at as though I were one of Madame Tussaud's waxworks. I often think how glorious it must be to be able to jump on the top of a 'bus, pay my fare like any ordinary person, and have a real 'day out.'"

King Haakon recently went to see a play by Björnson at Copenhagen, and at the end His Majesty invited the aged dramatist into the Royal box, where he received him with the remark, "A very beautiful play, my dear Björnson." The dramatist walked up to the King, and, patting him paternally on the head, said, "Do not say 'majet' (very) Your Majesty, but 'meget.' That's how we pronounce it here. A man in your place must take care of these matters, you know." The King was surprised, but promised gracefully to benefit by his subject's instruction.

When Queen Maud was taking leave of the members of the Danish Royal Family at Copenhagen she observed a journalist industriously taking down the names of all the high personages present. Producing a notebook from her pocket, Her Majesty wrote something in it and tore out the leaf, which she rolled into a ball and deftly threw at the reporter's feet. When the newspaper man, his hands trembling with excitement, unrolled the pellet, he found the merry message, "I wish I were a reporter!"

In her early bicycling days, Queen Maud used to go about in very ordinary attire, and on one of these

"TUMPTY No. 2."

Photo, Langfier.

Much amusement has been caused by a breach of promise case brought by Miss Marian Draughn, an actress, against Mr. Heinrich Thyssen, son of a German millionaire. In the love-letters which passed between the two the defendant is called Tumpty No. 1 and the plaintiff Tumpty No. 2.

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

The Cabinet meeting last week: Mr. Haldane and Mr. Whitely (chief Government Whip) on their way to Downing Street.

CURIOUS LADIES' CHOIR AT THE REV. WILSON CARLILE'S CHURCH AT ST. MARY-AT-HILL.

Photo, View and Portrait Supply Co.

occasions she was "held up" by a policeman, who prevented her from saying good-bye to the Kaiser, although she protested that she was King Edward's daughter. Again, when she was travelling under the name of Miss Mills, a good-looking young clergyman, thinking she was a pretty girl of his own station in life, fell headlong in love with her, and proposed on the spot. Queen Maud's simplicity and unaffectedness and dislike of "being Royal" got her into more than one escapade of this description before she became "Princess Charles."

Bonnie Prince Olaff.

The little Prince Olaf, son of King Haakon and Queen Maud, is so violently adored by the ladies of Copenhagen that when he is taken for his daily promenade in the Royal park he has to be protected from their kisses and caresses by a bodyguard of four frowning policemen. The little Prince, however, prefers to chat with his admirers, and to hob-nob with the children, and once an adventurous three-year-old popped his head under the cover of Olaf's perambulator and asked, "Are you the Clown Plince?" "Yes," said Olaf, "I'm the Clown Plince," whereupon the two launched into an animated conversation.

The wedding of Princess Maud to Prince Charles of Denmark took place on July 22, 1896. The ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Benson, who left the following account of it in his diary: "Married the Princess Maud to Prince Charles of Denmark. The brightest of the Princesses and almost as young as when I confirmed her. He is a tall, gallant-looking sailor. Hope he will make her happy." That King Haakon has fulfilled the Archbishop's wish is plainly apparent, for there is not a jollier couple in Europe than the King and Queen of Norway.

King Haakon's three-year-old son and heir is wonderfully popular. Both here and in Norway the people have gone into ecstacies over the little fellow, who is remarkably pretty and engaging. The Norwegians took him to their hearts the moment they saw him on the day of the new King's arival. He made the prettiest picture imaginable, perched on the shoulders of a grizzled Naval officer, a lovely fair-haired boy with dancing blue eyes, vigorously waving a Norwegian flag, which he had borrowed from a child on the quay (says awriter in *M. A. P.*). There can be no doubt about Olaf's exceptional beauty. He is quite the best-looking of King Edward's grandchildren, and is the only one of them to inherit the perfect features and delicate colouring of Queen Alexandra. The extreme fairness of his hair and complexion immensely pleases his father's subjects, for that, of course, is exactly the Norwegian type.

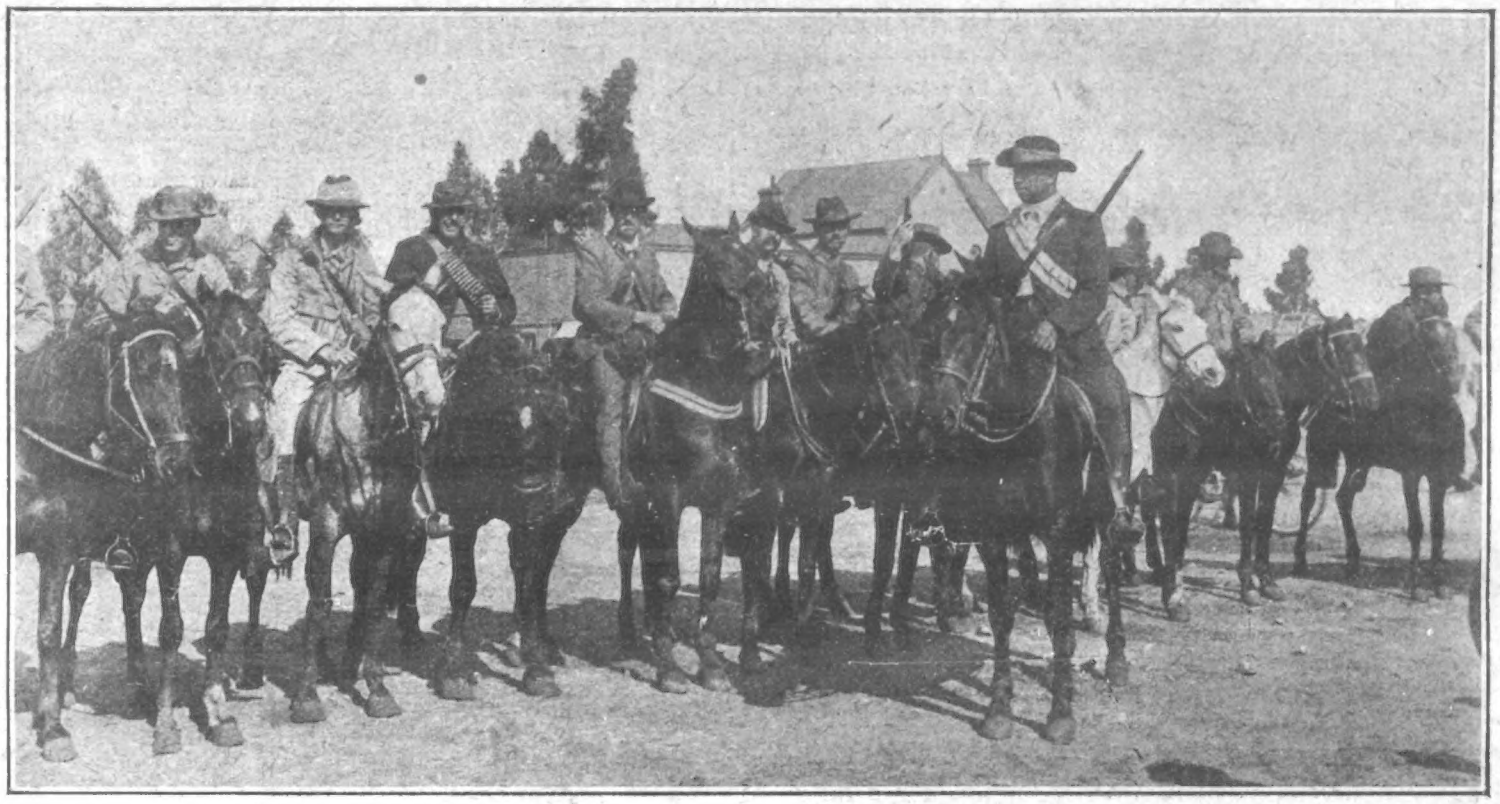
King Haakon's Pleasure.

King Haakon has expressed his keen delight with the boy's popularity in Norway. "I declare," he said, "that I should never have believed that a child of three could have so conquered the hearts of the people. I often say to the Queen: 'How these Norwegians love the best part of my government, which is our child.' You must know that Prince Olaf was Norwegian by instinct. He absolutely loves the national flag. He loves the snow and he learnt immediately how to handle his little sledge. He has had nothing to learn in order to become Crown Prince. He had only to let himself be loved by the people and by everybody. For his father it is a more complicated business. They have to teach me my trade day by day."

Olaf and the Flag.

Little Olaf appears to have quite a passion for flags. The people of Christiana were enchanted with an incident which occurred during the public reception of the new King. The baby prince, wearying of formalities, made a dart into the crowd and wrested a Norwegian banner from a boy, who, loth to part with his treasure, struggled with Olaf for its possession. The Prince secured it, however, and ran back to his father, crowing with exultation. King Haakon then took the energetic Prince in hand, and held him tightly on his knee while they drove to the palace; but Olaf clung to his banner, and waved it vigorously in acknowledgment of every cheer.

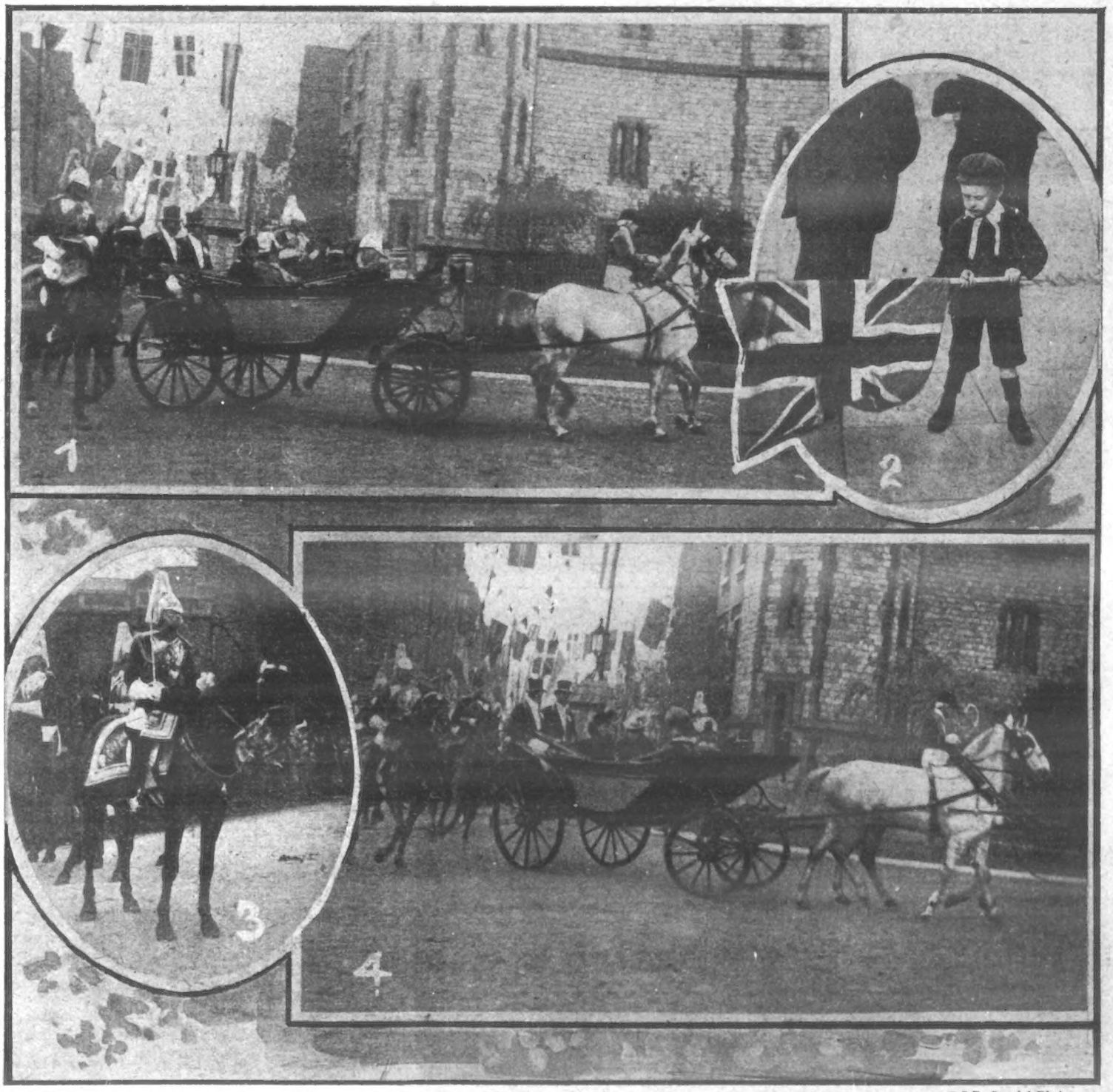
The Raggety-Tag Brigade's Raid into Cape Colony.



Photo, Nicholls.

A Boer named Ferreira has organised a ragamuffin raid into Cape Colony. They have killed a policeman and looted several farms. Our photograph shows a typical Boer commando.

The Arrival of our Royal Guests at Windsor.



P.I.P. Special Photos.

1. King Edward and King Haakon driving through the streets of Windsor. 2. A juvenile admirer of the Prince. 3. Troops lining the streets. 4. Queen Alexandra with Queen Maud and Prince Olaff entering the Castle.

THE MAN WHO HAD TOO MUCH MONEY.

GAY COUNT CASTELLANE WHO COULD NOT BE HAPPY ON £40,000 A YEAR.

Paris has had one all-absorbing topic during the past week. From the lowest to the highest rung in the social ladder, the Parisians talk in their clubs and *cafés* of the Castellane divorce case. It is the story of a prodigal and abandoned husband, whose erratic behaviour alienated the love and confidence of his wife, after he had squandered £1,600,000 of the fortune she brought him.

The Countess Boni de Castellane is Anna Gould, the daughter of the

Countess de Castellane, formerly Miss Anna Gould, daughter of an American millionaire.

famous American millionaire, Mr. Jay Gould. She is seeking to divorce her husband, Count Boni de Castellane, and the hearing of the case in the First Chamber of the Civil Tribunal of the Seine has attracted large crowds of people, who have followed closely the revelations made as to the manner in which the Count is said to have neglected, deceived, and bullied his wife.

Me. Cruppi, the Countess's counsel, described the methods by which the Count tried to win back his wife's affections after he had alienated them by his gallantries with his fourteen mistresses. On February 15th the Count wrote to the Countess, saying: "I hear that you will assist me in my political campaign. I thank you for thus showing that you have still some interest in my career. I have suffered beyond all expression. I am a human derelict, storm-tossed by the winds and waves of life, but my thoughts are of you always. I ask pardon of you humbly for all offence that I have given you, and if I die I hope you will sometimes think of me, for I have dearly loved you."

In another letter the Count asked pardon again for his offences against his wife, and declared that life would be a living death without her. "If I die soon," he writes, "keep me at least a little corner of recollection in your soul, for I have loved you so." Again he wrote: "I constantly imagine myself in your arms, with your dear lips pressed to mine. Alas! I am a miserable creature to have caused you so much pain, and, my beloved Anna, I cannot do without you. If you will live with me again we will send away all our old servants and start a fresh life elsewhere, and where you please. If I could only take you in my arms again at this moment and tell you all my love I would ask nothing more in life."

Me. Cruppi raised roars of laughter in court by reading letters in which the Count complained that, owing to his wife's cruelty, he was obliged to spend his time in the society of "second-class English people." He raised renewed roars by reading another passage in which the Count declared that if he had sinned, he had sinned a great deal less than most Frenchmen.

Count Boni de Castellane expressed a craving for death by almost every post, but nevertheless he laid plans for travels and enjoyments. It was, indeed, while he was on a trip to Burgos that the "second-class English people" upset him. On March 28th last the Countess de Castellane wrote to him that she wished to receive no more letters. "You have always treated me badly," she wrote, "and have always made me suffer. I have no more affection for you and no more confidence in you, and the best thing we can do is to say good-bye for ever. I have lost all patience and I have the courage to speak the truth, which is that you disgust me."

In reply to this letter, remarked Me. Cruppi quaintly, Count de Castellane wrote to his wife that she was a hypocrite, which, added the lawyer, hardly fitted the case.

The Count soon got over this little affront, however, and in July became poetical again. "I swear," he wrote, "that no woman has ever occupied the place in my life which you have occupied. The warmth and fire of my nature have been my betrayal and my torture. I have sinned deeply. I regret my sins."

In spite of his wife's wish that he should not write, the Count wrote more and more, begging the Countess to grant him an interview and declaring: "You live in my heart, my imagination, and my skin."

In September the Countess wrote three postcards in reply to the Count's letters. They were all short and to the point. She stated: "A respectable woman does not receive a libertine like you, against whom actions have been taken for criminal proceedings. I refuse to see you. Do not believe me to be as great a fool as M. 'X.'"

M. "X." is the husband of one of the Count's mistresses who had pardoned his wife.

When the Count was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, the Countess wired to his agent: "Thank you for your two telegrams. I am glad that you are pleased to be represented in the Chamber by a *roué* instead of an honest man." Immediately afterwards the Count wrote to his wife more poetry, saying: "My heart opens to the sound of your voice as flowers open to the kisses of the dawn. Your words are with me when I arise, and haunt the air around me when I go to bed. They prick my conscience like needles. I am living in a dream of sadness and of suffering."

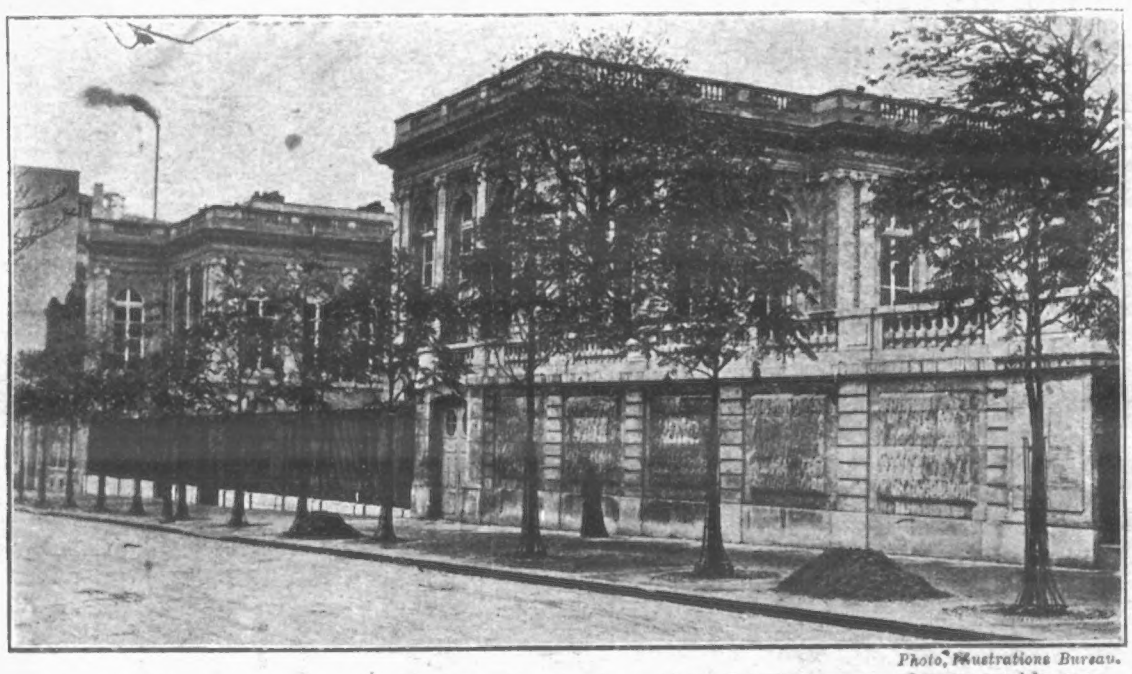
Before concluding his speech Me. Cruppi warned the defence against the use of certain documents which implicate a well-known lawyer and a well-known politician. "If these names come to light," he said, "I will take no responsibility for my further action, and Count Boni de Castellane will have to suffer for his act much more seriously than he expects. One telegram which has been put in by the Count is a forgery.

"The injuries are very real," concluded Me. Cruppi. "You cannot doubt them, nor can you doubt the blows which the Countess de Castellane received from her husband. You have seen the love-letters which she received, and you have had evidence of the life he led in his five little flats in town and his small villa at Neuilly.

"Surely there has been shame and scandal enough. In pronouncing a divorce without any further inquiry you will ratify the verdict of public opinion. This case has been a social Panama scandal."

Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

Count Boni de Castellane and his wife, in hunting costume at Rambouillet.



Photo, Illustrations Bureau.

At a cost of £188,000 the site for this magnificent palace, whose foundations are of pure marble, was purchased by the Countess de Castellane, daughter of the late Mr. Jay Gould, at the wish of her husband, whom she is now trying to divorce. The King of Portugal was once entertained there.

DON'T LOOK OLD.—With advancing years greyness increases. Stop this with LOCKYER'S SULPHUR HAIR RESTORER, which darkens to the former colour and preserves the appearance. LOCKYER'S large Bottles everywhere.—[ADVT.]

The Story of a Picture.

Lady Crewe, being an accomplished woman, is a great lover of all artistic things, and glories in the wonderful collection of pictures at Crewe Hall, of which she is now part owner. In the collection are eleven canvases by Reynolds; in the library 32,000 volumes, some of them worth their weight in sovereigns, may be found. What the pictures are worth no man really knows; ten feet of one wall represents a fortune which would put a man far beyond the dreams of avarice for life. One of these pictures (says a writer in *The Penny Magazine*) especially interested Lady Peggy when she returned from her honeymoon. It represents a small girl standing beside a tripod. The presence of the tripod is a mystery to most people, and, of course, there is a story attached to it. Where the tripod now stands was originally a cupid, which represented the son of a former earl. But as the boy grew older he quarrelled with his father, who, in his rage, cut the cupid out of the canvas and had a tripod painted in its place. The piece of canvas bearing upon it the cupid was lost; for over a century no trace of it was to be found, till it was eventually found in a London dustbin and purchased by the Earl of Crewe. It may now be seen in a small frame beside the big picture from which it was cut.

Signals of the Sea.

Some of the sea-buoys which are under the control of Trinity House are combined bell and gas buoys, the hollow drum being filled with gas, which passes through burners regulated by a splendid little piece of

Count Boni de Castellane.

mechanism, causing them to alternately extinguish and light from a pilot burner which is always aflame. This automatic regulator is ingenious in the extreme (says a writer in *The Penny Magazine*), and for general appreciation can most be likened to an ordinary man's breathing. Capped by a leather diaphragm is a chamber into which a certain quantity of gas enters. When the diaphragm is raised to the required distance the inlet port is closed, at the same time the outlet port opens, and the gas passes through to the burners; as the gas is used up by the burners, the diaphragm sinks until it again opens the inlet port for refilling. Notwithstanding that a large number of these are at work around our coasts, the mechanism is so perfect that any failure in their working is exceptional.

The Land of Unrest.

When in drink the Russian peasant is a remarkable creature (confides Mr. Harry de Windt to a *Cassell's Saturday Journal* interviewer)—the very antithesis of men of other countries. The less sober he is the more eager he is to kiss you. You may smile, but this is the truth. He is absolutely the lowest type of being that exists, and certainly the most filthy. No effort has been made to raise him. At the same time, I am bound to confess that in some ways the peasants are excellent fellows. They are hospitable—what they have you can share—and they make magnificent soldiers when properly led.

The Sensational Adventures of DOROTHY LEVITT,

Champion Lady Motorist of the World.

Miss Dorothy Levitt's Adventurous Career.

("P.I.P." Special.)

If there is any woman in the United States who thinks she can equal or better the record of nearly 100 miles an hour in an automobile, she will now have a chance to win the title of World's Champion Woman Automobilist. Miss Dorothy Levitt, of London, at present claims the title, and has many prizes won in various races both in cars on land and in motor-boats on sea. Only the other day she eclipsed all women's records at Blackpool by twice doing the flying kilometre in exactly the same time—24 3-5sec., which nearly approaches 100 miles an hour.

"I want to arrange a match for the World's Championship with an American Woman automobilist," she said to me. "I am willing to race either here or at Ormond Beach, Florida, or elsewhere in the United States. The conditions need be of the simplest. I am keen to race an American woman for the World's Championship. I must look to America for a race. There is no one left in Europe with whom to compete. I have beaten them all, and badly, too. Madame du Gast, the French motorist, does not drive a high-power machine. There are only two real racing cars over here—the 200-h.p. Darracq, now the property of the Hon. D. Guinness, and my 90-h.p. Napier, which has just been sold to a South American millionaire. It goes to Brazil in a few days. But if my challenge is accepted in America, I will go to work and build a new racer. It will be a 90-h.p., for I think I handle that the best."

To read Miss Dorothy Levitt's own words, or to look at her records, one would at once picture an Amazon. But she is far from that. She is a very womanly woman—fairly tall, with a willowy figure, large and velvety brown eyes, bronze-coloured hair, well-shaped features with a large but laughter-lit mouth. Her muscles are like steel. She is the picture of health, and a perfect example of the well-groomed, fashionable Englishwoman.

Miss Levitt's is a romantic history. In five years she has reached the top of the tree in her unique profession. While this girl of twenty-five is the most daring of women automobile drivers in the world, outside of her car she would scream at a mouse, and is nervous and afraid when trundling around town in a hansom cab.

Miss Dorothy Levitt goes for a spin.

A good pace on a straight road is a delightful sensation.

Photos, Clarke and Hyde.

Even if it ends in an unpleasant conversation with the majesty of the law.

The Levitts are an old London family. Miss Dorothy was born here. Her father, who was in the Government service, has retired on a pension to his country house. When Dorothy was twenty, she was introduced to S. F. Edge, the motor-boat racer and automobilist. Mr. Edge was told the little tale of woe, and suggested she carve out a career for herself. So he arranged her apprenticeship to a firm of French automobile makers on the outskirts of Paris, and there Dorothy Levitt went for six months.

While her parents searched everywhere for her, although they knew she was well and happy, Dorothy was learning the automobile business. She began at the bottom as a wiper, or cleaner, and finished as a machinist and chauffeur. She took an interest in her work, and daily wore her blue overalls and worked alongside the others at the factory.

Then she returned to England, and immediately began learning the ins and outs of London traffic. Mr. Edge was astonished at her quickly-gathered proficiency and at her nerve. She was soon earning a good salary teaching women how to handle a car. She taught a host of people, from the Queen and Royal Princesses down through Duchesses and Countesses to plain, everyday American visitors.

There happened about this time to be a reliability run from Edinburgh to London. Miss Levitt was one of the 350 competitors. She reached London thirteenth, and won her first prize and medal thereby. She did all her own repairs on the road, and was not a bit dismayed at the ill-omened number.

"Thirteen is my lucky number, and Friday my lucky day," she told me.

Once in the public eye Miss Levitt went up with a rush. She was a competitor in the motor-boat race at Cowes, Isle of Wight—the first contest of the kind held anywhere. Miss Levitt won this big and exciting race, and was afterwards taken on board the Royal yacht and presented to King Edward, who congratulated her on her pluck and skill. A few days later she raced again at Trouville against all the world's cracks, and won the five mile world's championship of the sea and the $1,750.

She tried racing on land after that, and in cars of increasing power won trophy after trophy. Her biggest race was last July in the Brighton Handicap. She drove an 80-h.p. Napier. Madame du Gast's car was 35-h.p., and the French champion had a very big allowance, but Miss Levitt wore down all her opponents, the cracks of Europe, and by her superb nerve won by a block.

She has cups and shields and medals galore, and has received dozens of prize checks for hill-climbing, endurance, and reliability trials. Only the other day she won a small car trial at Hereford with her pet machine, a baby 8-h.p., which she built herself in Paris.

This is one of the daintiest cars in London. It has most graceful curves and lines, such as are seldom seen on automobiles. The colouring is white picked out with green.

Miss Levitt has had plenty of narrow escapes. At Blackpool, for instance, during the speed trials, two dogs, three children, and finally three more dogs came out on the track and tried to cross over. Miss Levitt spoiled her trials, but managed with splendid work to save the children. History does not tell what happened to the dogs.

Again, at Worcester, hill-climbing, her car was the only one without non-skid wheels. Going round one sharp bend her car began skidding. Miss Levitt, though the crowd frantically shrieked to her to jump, held tight to her steering wheel and stayed in her seat. Yet her outside wheels went half an inch from the edge of the road, and after the edge of that road there was nothing but a sheer precipice 400ft. deep. At the last Blackpool speed trials, while going at fully 96 miles an hour—it was a standing start—one of the straps on the bonnet broke, and the wind got under the big steel envelope and blew it back. Miss Levitt put the brakes on—slowly at first, and then jammed them down hard.

The car was stopped just as the last screw gave way, and the bonnet flew back. If it had gone back while at the furious pace of 96 miles the hour, the heavy steel covering would either have crushed to death the woman driver or else cut her head off.

I asked Miss Levitt what her sensations were in going at this awful pace.

"Wonderful," she answered. "One can hardly describe one's sensations. There is a feeling of flying through space. I never think of the danger. That sort of thing won't do. But I know it is omnipresent. The slightest touch of the hand and the car swerves, and swerves are usually fatal. But I am a good gambler, and always willing to take the chance. In going that pace, the hardest thing is to keep in the car. Half the time the wheels don't touch the ground at all, and when they do touch you must be prepared to take the shock and lurch, or else out you will go. It is far harder work to sit in a car than to ride a galloping horse over the jumps in a steeplechase. When I made the records I was in the car alone. I prefer it."

Miss Levitt told me that she made up for the fearful excitement of automobile racing by quietly going fishing. She is a splendid rod, and trout-fishing is her favourite sport. As it takes wonderful nerve to play poker, her favourite game, well, Miss Levitt has proved a star at the American national card gamble. She is also an expert at roulette, and has a most wonderful secret system with which she is going this winter to attempt to break the bank at Monte Carlo. She will take with her "Dodo," a tiny black Pomeranian dog. "Dodo" was the property of Mlle. Marie Corneille, and was given to Miss Levitt in Paris three or four years ago. There is a very strict law against admitting dogs into England. So "Dodo" was smuggled. He was first drugged, and then packed in some waste in the repair box of an automobile which came through without much examination. "Dodo" went to sleep in Paris, and came safely out of his trance in London. He goes everywhere with his mistress, and Miss Levitt declares he has travelled more miles in an automobile than any other dog in the world.

Miss Levitt has travelled much in the last few years—in France, Germany, Spain, Italy, and Morocco. Now she wants to visit the United States.

LOOKING-FOR-TROUBLE-JASPER.

Mitchel Jasper, of Delta, Michigan, himself a half-breed Indian, has obtained a licence to marry an Indian lady named Mary-Kick-a-Hole-in-the-Sky. The name of the girl's mother is Afraid-of-No-Man.

THE WORLD OF PASTIME.

FOOTBALL.

G. C. M. Taylor, the 'Varsity goalkeeper, gave a patchy exhibition at Tottenham on Monday. The tricky 'Spurs forwards nonplussed him at times and seemed to get on his nerves. On one occasion, when he was apparently about to punt the ball up the field, the gentlemen behind goal cried "Look out!" Taylor hurriedly parted with the ball—behind his goal! He did many excellent things, however, and could not be blamed for two of the 'Spurs' goals.

One great feature of the Western League game between Fulham and Brentford was the duel between the home right back, Ross, and "Tosh" Underwood. The latter is one of the sturdiest and trickiest of forwards playing, but Ross's coolness and skill were generally too much for him. Ross, who has been the subject of some criticism recently, played with scrupulous fairness, and no matter how the outcome of his tussles with Underwood resulted, the best of good feeling prevailed.

N. S. Cornelius played a rattling game against the 'Spurs, and had the satisfaction of netting three of the four goals scored by his side. He might easily have made his tally five if he had accepted all his opportunities. Once, in front of goal, he lifted the ball with the side of his foot over the bar. Cornelius is a dashing footballer, and a scientific one too. He kept his wings well together, and some of the forwards' descents on the 'Spurs' goal reminded one of the Corinthians in their palmy days.

Hamilton, Fulham's centre forward, scored one of the finest goals ever seen in the Western League match with Brentford. He secured the ball from a long pass by one of the backs, and, after dodging the visitors' centre half, made for goal, with Watson and Taylor closing fast upon him. It appeared any odds on his being sandwiched between the pair, but he just eluded Taylor, and then cleverly dodged Watson. He was pursued by both, but managed to get his shot in, and the ball glanced into the net off the left post.

"Dicky" Anderton, who scored the winning goal for Blackpool against West Bromwich Albion in such a sensational manner, is one of the several "experiments" that the seaside directors tried in their desperation with an object that time and ability were to realise. Anderton had for years played left full back, latterly for the reserves, and originally for Fleetwood Amateurs. Everybody said (before the event) that the idea of trying him in the attack was idiotic, but at the close of the game the directors were repeatedly congratulated on their "enterprise." Anderton used to play forward before going back. Even then he knew how to score goals.

Their amateur left winger, having failed to reproduce his brilliance of last season, Northampton brought into the side against Bristol Will Hartwell. When he was with Manchester United two seasons ago, this talented little bundle of tricks was marked out by good judges as likely to attain high honours. He could run like a hare, fool most defenders by charming footwork, and centre and shoot remarkably well. But he managed to slip a knee cartilage. Last season he was no good at all to Northampton, but during the summer he has had the troublesome cartilage removed. After weeks of most promising play with the reserves this season, he got his chance on Saturday. And what a chance! He received the ball about four times altogether. Once he centred, and the man who took the pass handled the ball. Once he was offside; on the other two occasions his speed deceived the referee into thinking that he was!

Freeman did many clever things at centre forward for the Arsenal reserves on Monday, and Mr. Phil Kelso, the Arsenal manager, who was a critical onlooker, was not unmindful of Freeman's abilities. He had a tough opponent in Blyth, West Ham's half-back, but his trickiness stood him in good stead, and it was only by the hardest of luck that he failed to score.

J. V. Young, who just missed his Blue last season through Mainprice coming unexpectedly into residence, is this year sure of his Light Blue. He played a great game aganist Edinburgh Academicals, one of the features of his display being the clever way he used his feet. He made some splendid openings for his threes, as well as some very clever individual runs.

Feathestone, who played outside right for West Ham Reserves against Woolwich Arsenal Reserves at Upton Park, was in splendid trim, and by putting on full pressure gave the opposing defence a rare gruelling. In pace he more than held his own, and it was entirely due to this that West Ham's second and winning goal came about, for he easily beat Sutherland and Low in the race for the ball.

Two of the goals scored against Cambridge University on Monday were simple gifts. The first was conceded by the right back, V. G. Thew, who, owing to a miskick, ballooned the ball between himself and his goal, so Spence ran up and beat the surprised Taylor. The other goal was presented by a 'Varsity player, who, close in, pivoted on his heel and banged the ball into the net with terrific force. This was the best goal of the match.

It may interest Goodison Park *habitués* to know that "Jubba" Hardman, their amateur outside left, who, owing to the pressure of business, is unable to spare time to travel about with the "Toffee" men at present, is keeping himself in order by assisting one of the junior clubs in the Blackpool district, where he resides. Blackpool are greatly disappointed because the nimble little fellow cannot see his way to assist his old club out of low water.

Walker, the active inside Bristol forward, when at Walsall in his boyhood's days, was always "Darkie." His early fame in South Staffordshire was greater in the swimming world than that of football, for, learning a stroke of his own in the canal, he blossomed while at school as a clean and powerful sprinter. Quick on his feet, he also developed as a boxer after Wolverhampton Wanderers signed him on, and he did some competition sparring with fair success.

A fairly heavy fog obscured the Fulham ground for the greater part of the Western League match between that club and Brentford, and the onlookers saw a moderate proportion of the game, which was won by Fulham by 3 goals to 1. At one time it looked any odds against play, but by making an earlier start than advertised, and playing two "forties" instead of full time, it was possible to finish the game.

Brentford won the first match between the clubs on their own ground by 5 goals to nil, and with the visitors in that game fully determined to win on Monday if possible, and Fulham, with a defeat to avenge, resolved to put forth their best effort, it was small wonder that the public turned up in force. But what they saw of the play cannot be determined, for on the opposite side to which the spectators sat or stood only a maze of moving objects was discernible, and the ball was practically invisible.

Both clubs were at full strength, and after some exchanges Hagan was making for Fulham's goal when he was brought down inside the line and a penalty kick was awarded. This was taken by Pentland, and, being successful with the kick, he gave his side a lead of one goal in the first ten minutes.

The next incident observable was a corner to Brentford, but Fryer cleared from Underwood's kick, following which a breakaway by Fulham enabled Hamilton and Threlfall to test Williams, but the latter saved well. For some time afterwards the ball travelled from end to end, and Fryer had to save a long shot from Parsonage, while on one occasion Corbett was nearly through. But there was no further scoring at half-time, which arrived with Brentford still in possession of their one-goal lead. Fulham had a good deal the best of

Photo, P.I.P.

SOUTH AFRICANS BEAT OXFORD UNIVERSITY: Oxford tackling. The 'Bokkens get through and score the first try.

Photo, P.I.P.

SOUTH AFRICANS BEAT OXFORD UNIVERSITY: Oxford get away with the ball.

the second half, and Hamilton equalised from a centre by Hogan.

A few minutes later, Ross dropped the ball into the goal, and Freeman scored a second point for the home team, thus giving them the lead. Just before the end Hamilton got right through and scored a third goal for Fulham. Though each side had chances in the last ten minutes, there was no further scoring, so Fulham gained the points.

Luton, with a reorganised team, proved in fine shooting form on Monday against Norwich City at Luton, and won by 5 goals to 1. Gettins opened the score quite early with a clever shot, and before the interval Luton were two up, Pickering taking a pass from Brown and netting close in. Norwich tried desperately hard to reduce the lead, but failed badly when near goal. Pickering got through twice more after change of ends, and Barnes notched another goal while the visitors were appealing for offside. Towards the close Norwich made great efforts to beat Platt, but Luton's goalkeeper defended finely, and it was left to the last kick of the match for Ronaldson to get the only goal for the City.

Both New Brompton and Crystal Palace gave a bright display on the former club's ground, the result being a win for the Palace by 2 goals to 1. Within three minutes of the kick-off Woodger scored a splendid goal for the Palace from a free kick by Menzies, and Mavin equalised with a flying shot, which surprised the Palace custodian. The scores were level at half-time, and the play was tolerably even after change of ends, but Weston neatly headed a goal for the Palace, who were victorious by 2 goals to 1. New Brompton lost Lee, the centre forward, in the second half.

Both Stoke and Blackburn Rovers were well represented in their League match at Stoke on Monday, the only change from the teams that did duty on Saturday being Cameron for R. Crompton on the Rovers' side. The game was stoutly fought, and a draw of one goal each resulted. There was a marked superiority in the play of the home team during the first half, and the 5,000 spectators were delighted with the display of the "Potters." But the steady defence of Blackburn staved off disaster until five minutes from the interval, when Fielding was successful with a long shot. Previously Arrowsmith and Capes had been very dangerous, but Blackburn caused a surprise by equalising almost immediately after Stoke had scored, and the interval was announced with the sides level. Stoke made praiseworthy efforts to get the lead again when the game was resumed, but the Rovers kept their charge intact, and then set up heavy pressure themselves. Roose being sorely troubled. Holford should have scored soon afterwards, but the end came with the points divided.

Spectators at Tottenham on Monday had no cause for grumbling about lack of goals, for in a heavy scoring match the 'Spurs beat Cambridge University by 6 goals to 4. The 'Spurs played purely a reserve team, while Cambridge were represented by a side that, though beaten, were not disgraced. There was one fault that both were addicted to—viz., continually lying off-side—and Mr. Pat Harrower's voice was heard frequently in protest. Except for this weakness, which spoilt many a promising opening, the game was a most enjoyable one, being contested in the true spirit of sportsmanship. Only one foul was considered worth penalising by the referee. Six goals were scored in the first half, and four in the second.

Both goals escaped jeopardy on many other occasions, and one remarkable shot is especially worthy of mention. One of the 'Spurs fired at the 'Varsity goalkeeper, and the ball hit his shin-bones, ran up his body, struck the cross-bar, and dropped into the astonished goalkeeper's hands. Cambridge had two splendid chances of adding to their score immediately after half-time, but fate and bad shooting were against them. Both sets of forwards worked hard, and the pace rarely slackened, with the result that the respective defences were kept fully employed. The goalkeepers were rather shaky, the 'Varsity representative being, perhaps, the weaker of the two.

A friendly game for the benefit of C. Paynter, West Ham's groundman, was played on Monday at Boleyn Castle, Upton Park, between the reserve teams of West Ham and Woolwich Arsenal, the former winning, after a capital contest, by 2 goals to 1. It was a tough struggle all through, and only in the last few minutes of the game did West Ham obtain the upper hand, and gain the winning goal. That they deserved their success is open to question, for the Arsenal had very hard lines on many occasions, and were extremely unlucky in not scoring. Their forward combination was infinitely superior to that of the home side, but they lacked the dash and finish of the West Ham forwards, and these important factors proved fatal. At the start the play was remarkably even, and there were very few incidents worth recording during the first twenty-five minutes. Then West Ham broke through, and Randall scored a fine goal for the home team. It was not long, however, before Woolwich equalised through Blair, and at half-time the sides crossed over on equal terms. The second half was furiously contested, but although the Arsenal were smarter all round, they failed to penetrate the defence of West Ham. Eight minutes from the close Featherstone broke away on the right wing of the Hammers, and from his centre Randall scored the winning goal.

Cambridge University played an excellent game with Edinburgh Academicals on Monday at Cambridge, and won by 2 goals and 1 try (13 points) to 1 try (3 points). They were without Hearson, who was injured on Saturday, and Pitt joined the three-quarter line, Young taking his place at half, in company with Godby. The first portion of the game was full of interest, but scoring took place only once, a splendid bout of passing ending in Pitt crossing the line.

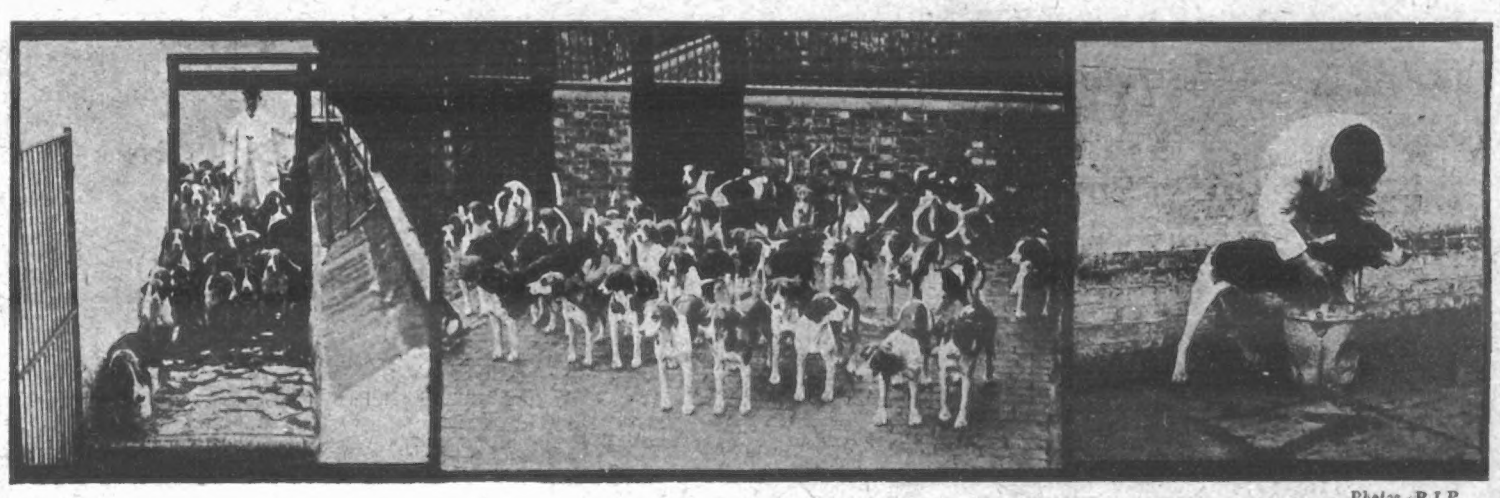
The second half produced more results. After the fortunes of the game had swayed to either ends Wright obtained possession near the Academicals' goal. He was held, but managed to throw himself over the line, and McLeod converted. Shortly afterwards Cotterill cleverly got over for the Academicals after the University had several times been within an ace of scoring. Then Koop gathered the ball near the half-way line, and, successfully evading numerous opponents, grounded in a good position. McLeod converted, and the 'Varsity won with the greatest ease.

The Opening of the Hunting Season:

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FOXHOUND.

Photos, P.I.P.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FOXHOUND: 1. A run before breakfast. 2. Breakfast!



Photos, P.I.P.

A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A FOXHOUND: Some scenes in a large hunting kennel. These dogs require an enormous amount of care and training.

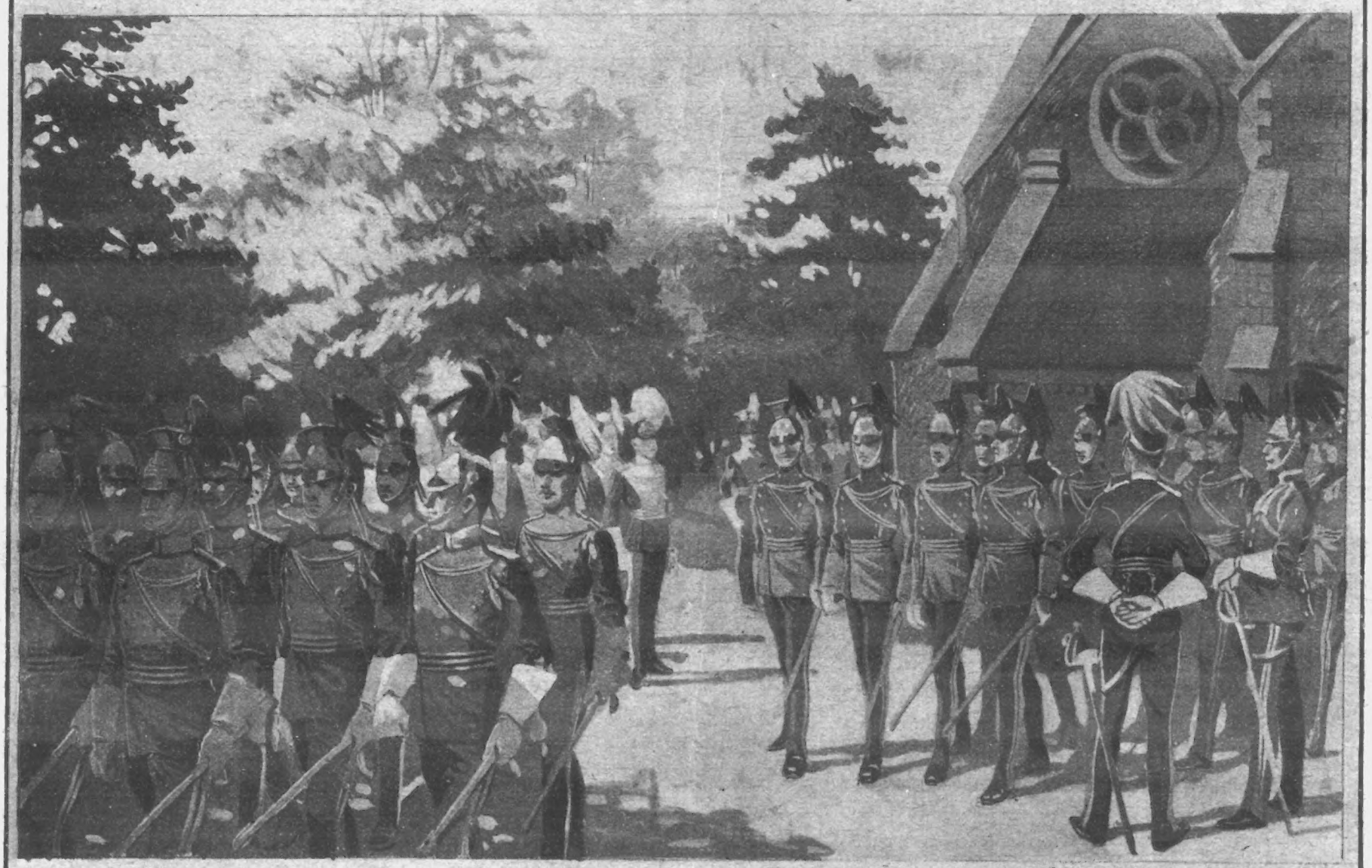
Photo, Barrett.

THE HUNTING SEASON COMMENCES: Opening Meet of the Blankney Hounds at Collingham, Lincolnshire.

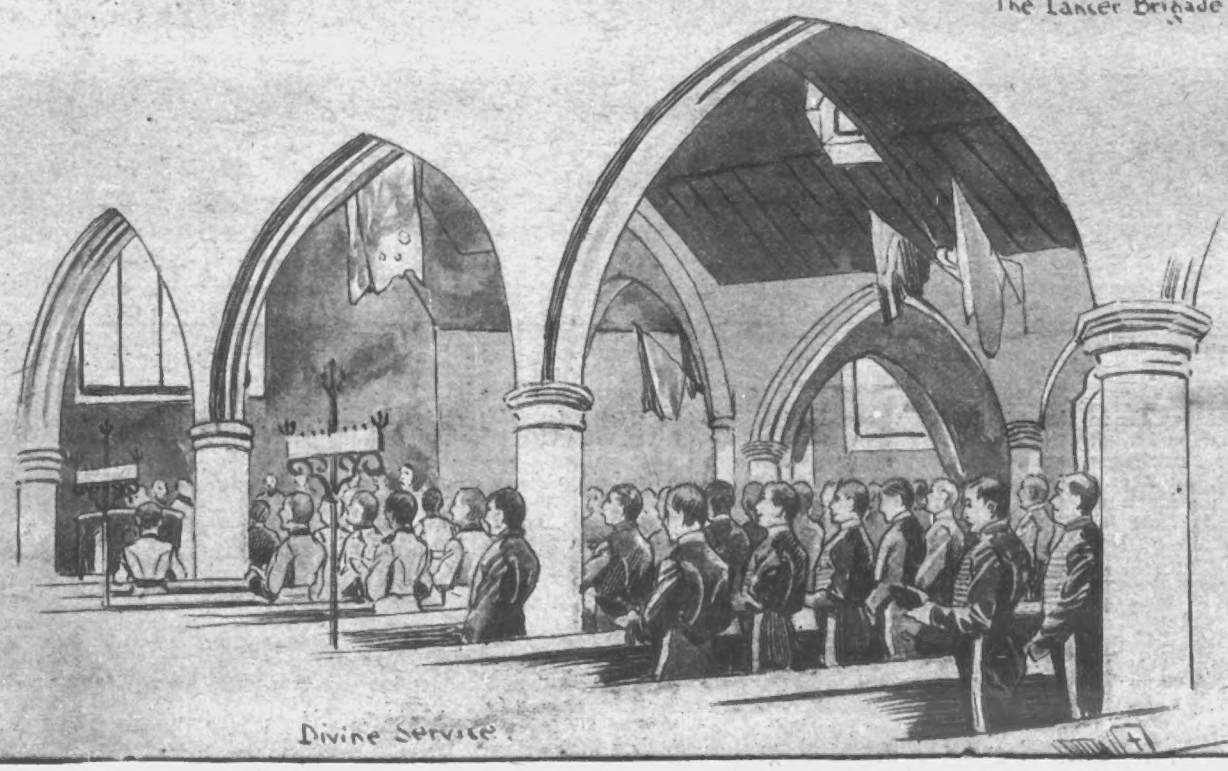
CHURCH PARADE AT ALDERSHOT.

The Lancer Brigade now stationed at Aldershot is a very representative one, comprising, as it does, men from all the six regiments. This is the first time that they have all been quartered in the same town, and the church parade every Sunday attracts thousands of sightseers.

Going to Church.



The Lancer Brigade at Church Parade.



Divine Service.

After Church.

H. Montagu Love. Aldershot.

The King of Norway's Busy Week.

A PICTORIAL RECORD OF SEVEN STRENUOUS DAYS IN ENGLAND.

[Drawn by C. Dudley Tennant. Photos by Bolak.

1. The Prince of Wales receiving the Royal Visitors at Portsmouth.
2. The Mayor of Windsor presenting an Address of Welcome.
3. King Edward investing King Haakon with the Order of the Garter.
4. A Shooting Party in the Windsor Preserves.
5. The King and Queen of Norway arriving in London from Windsor.
6. Their Majesties Driving through the Streets of London to the Guildhall.
7. The State Banquet in St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle.
8. Witnessing a Command Performance at Windsor Castle.
9. Motoring from Windsor to London.

Inset are portraits of King Haakon, Queen Maud, and Prince Olaf.

TREASURE-TROVE FROM THE GROCER.

It was but yesterday that our Elsie, a wise little woman of twelve, who is practising twice a week at the County Council Cookery School, came home delighted, carrying treasure-trove from the grocer's. The child being, by reason of her motherly ways, a favourite with the tradesman, had been honoured with a first copy of

"Currants: A Few Tasty Recipes,"

a book which is to be given away by all grocers to customers who apply for it. We ourselves are working straight through the recipes—there are some fifty of them—and we are more than pleased with so valuable an addition to our kitchen bookshelf. How true it is that new movements create new demands. A few years ago the British housewife would have smiled to think of a whole book being devoted to Currant Recipes; but, to-day, Currant Cookery is accepted with whole-hearted enthusiasm, and housewives are quick to express their appreciation of the different "currant" recipes which have lately been appearing in the periodical press.

The facts are simply these:—Our own King's physician, in declaring the wonderful food-values of the dried currant, has fairly aroused the interest of British housewives in this easily get-at-able fruit.

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HIRST, BROOKE, & HIRST, Ltd., LEEDS.
Smedley's Paste.

FOLLOWING IN FRAGSON'S FOOTSTEPS.

MDLLE. WINCHESTER.

Following the example of Julius Cæsar, Harry Fragson, after his successful debut in London, is said to have sent hundreds of telegrams to his Parisian friends containing the three immortal words, "Veni, Vidi, Vici!"

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

Blouses at 12s. 9d.

Crepe-de-chine is an essentially dainty fabric, and is moreover a very dressy one in light colourings where blouses are concerned. With long winter evenings in view, and informal gatherings such as are ripe at this time of year, a couple of pretty blouses in two different tints such as pale pink and pale blue are usually necessary to meet the exigencies of the situation, and, combined with a black skirt in the same soft falling fabric, will be found suitable for most occasions. The following blouses are all to be had in black and cream, as well as soft shades of pink, sky, mauve, and navy, at the price of 12s. 9d. The first is a particularly dainty one and can be recommended in pale pink, the yoke is composed of tiny ruchings and insertion of fine white guipure lace insertion finished off with a narrow vandyked frill of lace. The sleeves are made with a short full puff, ending at the elbow with lace and ruchings to correspond with the yoke. Three dainty bows of crêpe-de-chine further adorn the front of the blouse.

The second blouse under consideration is at its best in mauve. It has a small yoke of Paris shade Valenciennes lace with a tiny bow on each shoulder, and the yoke is further continued by handsome applications of lace giving a very bold and smart effect, the fullness is set into the yoke by means of three rows of gauging, and the sleeves are three-quarter length divided into two ruffs, by means of three rows of gaugings. Groups of tucks ornament the middle of each puff and the sleeve is further finished off with frill edged lace. The third blouse is delightful in pale blue and shows a yoke and plastron of Paris shade Mauresque lace, outlined with guipure insertion the same tint. Fine ruchings adorn the sides of the front, and the sleeve is very novel in design with a triangular insertion of lace, wide at the shoulder and tapering to the elbow. A very smart finish is lent to this blouse by means of dainty bows of crêpe-de-chine on the front and sleeves. The last of the four charming blouses is fashioned in somewhat similar style with a yoke and plastron composed of fine quality imitation Irish lace. The front is finely gauged, and the sleeves have a full puff to the elbow set into a deep cuff of lace extending to the wrist. Any one of these blouses would make a charming addition to the wardrobe of the winter girl.

Glace Silk or Soft Silk.

Those who have a limited dress allowance generally have to study to make one garment do the work of two; thus, all evening skirts have to be bought with a view to the possibility of their doing day service as well. In such cases it is a very good rule to avoid stiff silks such as glacé, and fabrics with a very shining surface such as satin. Nothing looks smarter than a black glacé silk skirt for evening wear, but, except in conjunction with a little silk coat to correspond, it is entirely unsuited for street wear, therefore the girl shopping with a short purse would be well advised to decide against glacé in favour of silk ninon, mousseline-de-soie, crêpe-de-chine or eolienne, all of which fabrics are capable of coming up smiling after the winter season and doing duty through the spring and summer on all sorts of outdoor occasions, such as calls, matinées, at homes. Black satin is even more restricted in its uses than glacé, since it never by any possibility looks in good taste out of the house. Cotton and woollen voiles are both practical fabrics for day wear, but hardly dressy enough to combine evening occasions as well. Louisine makes a pretty silk for good all-round wear and is by no means expensive.

The Languid Girl.

She's languid either by temperament or by design. If it is the former there's some excuse for her; if the latter, none. And it is generally the latter. She's invariably pretty, be it noted, for it would be risky for a plain girl to assume such airs. The languid girl maintains an attitude of studied indifference upon all occasions. Everything is "such a bore." She moves dreamily from place to place; she answers most questions in monosyllables; she reclines frequently, and her poses are carefully considered. Men she makes into slaves. They must play the undignified *rôles* of beasts of burden, and carry on all the conversation as well. Do they submit? Yes, providing that she's sufficiently pretty, but even then they are apt to get a little tired. That is where the other girls get a chance—a sort of compensation of nature. The languid girl is dying out as a type. By a curious irony, the times that created her have, to a certain extent, made her impossible. These are strenuous days, and to men the hours are precious. They cannot afford, if they want to make money, to waste time lavishly, and the languid girl is a terrible "waster" in this respect. She expects—nay, demands—unremitting attention from her admirers. There is to be no rapid love-making to her. The languid girl's languor is, dispassionately judged, an uncomfortable trait. It may be graceful, and it is perhaps picturesque, but it does not somehow answer in this terribly matter-of-fact old world. Brightness, companionship, and sympathy are the great keynotes of earthly happiness. And beyond all price is woman's sympathy. Not so much sentimental sympathy, if the term may be used, but the intelligent, brave sympathy that upholds a man in stress and trial, and tinges dark clouds with unspeakable sweetness. A woman's power in life is wonderful, almost supernatural. The languid girl fails to realise her own possibilities. Languor, it must be remembered also, may frequently be the cloak of a small mind.

The Gossip Party.

Before the party the hostess writes down a dozen or more topics of conversation on cards, which are handed to the guests on their arrival. The subjects chosen are generally on some current topic which will lead to lively and interesting converse. Chairs and seats on sofas are numbered, and the numbers are drawn for. Each couple drawing corresponding numbers hunt up their seats.

A bell is rung to announce each topic of conversation, and five minutes is the time allowed for it. When that is over, each man rises and passes on to the next vacant seat, and then begins to discuss the next topic of conversation. When the end of the list is reached, thin pencils and slips of paper are handed round, and the ladies vote for the men whose gossip has most interested them, while the men record their votes for the ladies.

The lady and gentleman who gain the largest number of votes receive prizes from the hostess as a reward for their brilliancy.

Another amusing idea is a dinner party where a menu of conversation is provided. The writer once went to a most amusing entertainment where the menu cards gave no particulars of the food, but simply of the conversation. Our host, who was young, like the rest of us, kept us all very much in order, and anyone who ventured to wander away from the subject of music, when music was to the fore, was promptly reminded by him that the subject must be stuck to. It might be grand opera which was discussed, or it might be that of the songs of the cats upon the roofs, or even of the homely kettle on the fire, or the tasty sausage frizzing in the pan, but of music of some sort everyone knew something, and therefore music had to be talked of till, with the changing of plates, another subject came up for discussion.

FOLLOWING IN FRAGSON'S FOOTSTEPS.

MDLLE. FARRAR.

According to a Parisian newspaper, Fragson's success has inspired two other popular French artistes, with English names, to make an assault on the theatre-going public of London. "Mdlles. Winchester and Farrar will," it is stated, "spend Christmas in London, and, in all probability, will remain there."

To Clean Brass and Lacquered Work.

A simple method is to place the articles in a strong solution of soda, and to brush them well with plenty of soap. Then put them in another pan, cover them with boiling water, let them lie a few minutes, and then dry and polish with a soft cloth or leather.

Feather Beds and Pillows.

Never place feather beds or pillows in the sun, for the sun, acting on the oil in the feathers, is apt to give them a rancid smell. The right plan is to air the beds and pillows on a dry, windy day, in a shady place out of doors.

Lemon Savoury Biscuits.

Crisp some water or plain oatmeal biscuits in the oven and let them get cold. Have the following paste ready, and just before serving spread it on the biscuits. Dissolve two ounces of butter at a slow heat, stir into it a small teaspoonful of mustard, a pinch of cayenne pepper, a tablespoonful of lemon juice, and a good pinch of curry powder. When all the ingredients are mixed, set the paste on one side to grow cold before using.

Fillets of Beef and Madeira Sauce.

Cut two pounds of undercut of sirloin into neat fillets, trimming away all fat and skin. Heat two ounces of butter in a sauté-pan and fry the fillets, turning them so that each side is nicely browned. Put a flat mould of haricot bean purée on a hot dish, place the fillets on it and keep them warm while you prepare the sauce. Pour off some butter in the pan, stir in some thick brown sauce, or if you have not that ready, stir into the butter a tablespoonful of flour, add half a pint of brown stock. Boil all for three minutes, add a glass of sherry, a good squeeze of lemon juice, pepper and salt to taste, and pour round the fillets.

Photos, Lapgller

THE MAIDS OF HONOUR OF THE LADY MAYORESS: 1. Miss Williams. 2. Miss Goulston. 3. Miss Lush.
The gowns are by Redfern.

THE GREAT PLOT.

BY WILLIAM LE QUEUX.

CHAPTER XL.

A Last Appeal.

The open-air cafés of the Champs Elysées, the Ambassadeurs, the Alcazar, the Folies Marigny, and all the rest were bright with illuminations and in full swing as Hubert Hutton walked beneath the trees towards the Rond Point. He was back again in the City of Light.

From the gaily-lit gardens with their open-air stages came bursts of music, vocal and instrumental, and now and then loud rounds of applause. At night the fine wide thoroughfare, with its leafy promenades, is quiet, almost dismal, yet here and there along it are dotted the gayest of the variety theatres, where Parisians delight to sip their free *consommation* and pass the *soiree* listening to the drolleries of Polin, the latest ditties of Paulus, or the new songs of Yvette Guilbert, Liane de Vries, Polaire, or Lise Fleuron.

But the Englishman strode on heedless of the music that came from among the trees, unconscious of everything save the one object upon which he was bent.

The Paris cab is always a terror to the unwary foreigner, for the driver, like the gentlemen of his profession in Petersburg, slackens his pace for nobody. At last, however, Hutton succeeded in running the gauntlet and passing up the Avenue Bois de Boulogne, halted before a large "hotel," and rang the bell.

He had only arrived in Paris at five o'clock, and, having dressed and dined, had lost no time in making his intended call.

The door was thrown open by Ivan, Dolores' well-trained Russian servant, who, recognising the visitor as a favoured person, informed him that the Countess was at home, and alone. She had just finished dinner, and was in her boudoir. Therefore, Hubert tossed down his hat and followed the man into the small reception-room, where he waited while his visit was announced.

In a few moments the man returned, full of regrets, saying:

"The Countess regrets that she has a severe headache, and is unable to receive m'sieur this evening."

"But I must see her, Ivan," he declared determinedly, and, slipping half a louis into the man's ready palm, he walked past him, ran up the stairs, and entered the boudoir unannounced.

The Countess sprang to her feet as he entered, asking haughtily:

"And by what right, sir, do you thus intrude upon me when I have already ordered my servant to send you away? Did not our friendship end in London?"

"It did—and I am not here to attempt to resume it," he said, closing the door behind him resolutely and locking it. "I have come here to-night to speak with you."

She laughed, a strange, dry laugh, inclining her head as though she were all eagerness for him to begin.

"You might really have saved yourself any such inconvenience," she said, still standing and purposely not inviting him to be seated.

"Yes," he said. "Perhaps I might. But owing to your action in purchasing Mirska's security for his loan to me and by its means denouncing me to your friends in Petersburg as a spy, we have a small account to settle."

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking at him with an undisguised expression of alarm. Her face changed as he spoke those words. She had been haughtily defiant when he entered, and her cream silk gown, with its trimming of red roses, had swept the ground with queenly air, but now, with her quick, womanly perception, she saw that he was in possession of the truth. And she was for the moment cowed.

"I mean what I have said," was his quick reply. "You have, with cowardly ingenuity, plotted to kill me, just as you drove poor Ivan Lomonseff to his death."

Her lips compressed. Mention of that young Russian's name cut her to the heart. Although utterly unscrupulous, she somehow had never forgotten that she had been directly

Photo, Nops.

A Lock-up for "Generals": Such was the use to which this curious round tower, to be seen at Swithland, Leicestershire, was put. One of the Earls of Lanesborough, an eccentric old gentleman, sometime in 1700, evidently having the same trouble with his servants as many people do nowadays, had two of these towers built, and used them as prisons for his refractory domestics. In after years this tower was used as the village lock-up.

responsible for the tragic end of that man who had adored her. And yet, was it not his own fault? she often asked herself. She had encouraged him, it was true, just as she had encouraged others to become her cavalier. The others had not committed suicide; why should he? Then she would try to console herself with the belief that it was not wholly her fault.

But with the man now before her it was different. Because of his refusal to become her husband, she had gone deliberately to work to wreak her vengeance, not only upon him, but upon the English girl he loved. And he had discovered the depth of her perfidy.

"It is hardly like you to insult a woman," she said, frowning, for want of some better reply.

"You have shown yourself my bitterest enemy," he answered. "Were it not for the fact that I have friends among the revolutionists whom you have made your catspaw in this affair, I should have gone to my death in ignorance that it was you—the woman who, only a few months ago, declared your love for me—who was directly responsible for the dastardly plot. Fortunately, however, I know the truth—the whole truth. You bought the lease of my life from Mirski, well knowing it to be a document written at the Jew's dictation. But it was sufficient for you, and you gladly repaid the principal and interest of the loan in order to hold in your hands a weapon by which, if you chose, you could encompass my death. And, moreover, your unrelenting hate did not end there. You actually contrived with your friends in Petersburg that Sylvia Milbourne, my affianced wife, should strike the fatal blow against me.

The woman smiled grimly. She saw herself cornered, and she was racking her brains to discover some means of escape.

"*Bien!*" she exclaimed. "All this is highly interesting."

"To you, perhaps, but not to me!" he cried fiercely. "You would kill me if you could, and I have now to protect myself."

"You are quite at liberty to do so," she sneered. "We are enemies. Surely that is sufficient?"

"Quite," he said. "Only I make one demand of you."

"And what is that, pray?"

"That you shall return to Petersburg and get the order issued against me rescinded," he answered, with an air of determination. "A word from you acknowledging that I wrote that letter at the dictation of Mirski for the purpose of security for the loan, and the Executive will at once withdraw their decree. They are always just."

"I shall do no such thing," was her defiant answer. "I return to Petersburg the day after to-morrow upon my own private affairs, but I shall not stir further in this matter. As far as I am concerned, it is ended."

Hutton was silent, his face pale with anger.

"Do you actually refuse to do this, Dolores?" he asked presently, in a firm voice.

"I have given you my answer."

"Then you intend that I shall bear the consequences of your false denunciation—you intend to drive me to suicide, knowing that I will take my own life rather than fall beneath the hand of the woman I love?"

"To me the future is quite immaterial," she answered flippantly.

"Have you no pity, no compassion?" he asked earnestly. "Surely you are a woman—with a woman's heart?"

"No," she responded, looking straight at him. "I have no heart like other women. I am callous to everything. The world has made me so."

(To be continued.)

A SCHOOL-GARDEN FLOWER SHOW: The outcome of the distribution of potted bulbs in the schools in late autumn. A most encouraging study. See page 318

Kitchen Comfort

Oats grown in a damp, misty climate, under sunless skies, are soft—that is why they cook into a pasty mass of porridge.

QUAKER OATS MAKES MORE PORRIDGE AND MORE DELICIOUS AND STRENGTHENING PORRIDGE THAN ANY OTHER OATS.

Quaker Oats is made from sweet, firm, perfectly developed grain, grown under perfect climatic conditions, from the most fertile and sunniest oat fields of the world—that is why it makes the most and best porridge.

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2 Pint 30 } White
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Counts for a Cooker as Five White Squares if sent with balance of White Squares as above. Only one Coupon accepted with each request for a Cooker.

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OKTIS

DOUBLE THE LIFE OF YOUR CORSETS

They also beautify the waist, give a pleasant sense of support, and prevent breakage of the corset bones.

Made of RUSTLESS ZAIROID—the only kind that are. The cost is trifling. Only those Shields stamped OKTIS give these splendid results.

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Old Artificial Teeth Bought; call or forward by post; full value by return.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford Street, London, W. Est. 100 years.

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Pianos and Organs, new, second-hand, and returned hire. Cash, or 10s. 6d. per month, carriage paid. Call and Inspect or send for catalogue.—Wm. Cooper, 747 Old Kent Road, London.

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BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilocchia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Lewis Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 54 Dalston Lane, London.

Ladies' High class. Second-hand **Clothing**. Send for catalogue.—Madame Dupont, Wood Green, London.

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The I.R.S. Golden Compound Tablets are of Priceless Value to all Ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently a few hours. Coated with Gold, prepared with drugs worth their weight in Gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all Similar Preparations. Prices, Post Free in Plain Wrapper, 1s. 3d. and (Treble Quantity) 2s. 9d. Direct only from the I.R.S. Co., Dept. P., 145 Stockwell Road, London.

P. I. P. PLAYGOER.

Frequenters of the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, after a run of musical plays were last week having an intellectual bill of fare presented to them by Mr. and Mrs. F. R. Benson and their accomplished body of players. Shakespeare and Sheridan have provided the attraction, the former, of course, predominating. This week Mr. Mulholland has been "shining" Mr. Robert Courtneidge's "Blue Moon." This attractive musical play, and Miss Florence Smithson in her original part, is presented by a very capable company just returned from a successful provincial tour. Mr. J. B. Mulholland has issued a list of immediate bookings for the King's, and residents in West London are promised many enjoyable entertainments. The engagements number "The Catch of the Season," with Miss Zena Dare as leading lady, the D'Oyly Carte Company in a round of Savoy opera, and in drama Mr. Tree's Company in "Oliver Twist," and Mr. Lewis Waller's Company in "Brigadier Gerard." This list will almost carry Mr. Mulholland on till Christmas, when he presents his fifth King's pantomime, the subject of which will be "Cinderella," and for which a number of well known artistes have already been secured.

"The Girl Behind the Counter" has been having a highly successful run round the suburbs, and nightly crowding one or other of Mr. Robert Arthur's theatres. The tour, however, is nearing an end, so that in a few weeks Miss Isabel Jay may be free to take up her new part in the musical play on the subject of the "Vicar of Wakefield," which Mr. Frank Curzon will shortly have at one or other of his theatres. Last week Miss Jay and Mr. Hayden Coffin, with the original Curzon company, were at the Fulham Grand, where "The Girl Behind the Counter" was drawing plenty of cash, and proving as fascinating to the theatregoers of Fulham and Putney as she did when appearing in more fashionable quarters. Mr. Robert Arthur provides his patrons with many a rich treat, but the manner in which he has piloted "The Girl" round his theatres must have brought him in a rich reward. Mr. Arthur has the D'Oyly Carte Company at Fulham this week with an inviting list of Gilbert and Sullivan's works. As a Christmas attraction Mr. Arthur will present "The Babes in the Wood."

Mr. F. Anstey, who is really Mr. F. A. Guthrie, was the recipient recently of a souvenir from the members of the Haymarket company, on the occasion of the 200th performance of his play, "The Man from Blankley's." The souvenir is a model of the table used in the dinner scene of the play, and was made under Mr. Weedon Grossmith's supervision by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Limited. The table-cloth is of solid silver, and has the names of all the members of the company and those connected with the management of the theatre engraved on it at the top in exact facsimile of their signatures.

Miss Billie Burke has been engaged to take the place of Miss Phyllis Dare in the "Belle of Mayfair" at the Vaudeville Theatre when the latter leaves to fulfil a pantomime engagement in December.

At last Mr. Harry Nicholls is really to make his reappearance upon the London stage. Unfounded report has for the last year or two been putting him in new plays and new music-hall sketches so frequently that he declares he finds it quite impossible sometimes to persuade himself that he is, so to speak, out of practice! During his long rest at his riverside house as a "gentleman of independent means," Mr. Nicholls, whose face is as full to-day of that cheeky boyishness as ever it was in the Gus Harris days at Drury Lane Theatre, has (says a writer in *M.A.P.*), unbeknown to himself, been engaged to play the leading comedy part in eleven melodramas in London alone—four at his old dramatic home just mentioned, three at the Adelphi, two at the Princess's, and two at the Standard. Of course, he found the work agreeably easy, for he could do it all, including rehearsals, from his own arm-chair at home; but the financial profit derived from these engagements was so unsatisfactory from the point of view of a thorough business man, which Mr. Nicholls is, that he determined to throw up the new occupation, thrust upon him by rumour, as soon as he could see a polite way out of it, and to embrace the first opportunity of appearing before the public in the usual way.

"The Knave of Hearts" is the rather striking title which Miss Unger has chosen for her new play, which that enterprising young manager, Mr. Jerrard Grant Allen, hopes to produce as soon as he can secure another West-end theatre.

Miss Unger has been caught by the fascinations of "drawing-room melodrama"—as the "Raffles" type of play is sometimes called—and in "The Knave of Hearts" she takes a young Colonial, who comes over here with rather a shady past. This type of man, of course, presupposes a detective, and, sure enough, we have a sleuth-hound in a frock-coat at his heels. We also have an *ingénue* with whom he falls in love, and we have a happy ending. By the way, the play takes its title from a card which the man draws to decide his future course of action.

ON AND OFF THE STAGE.

Photos, Illustrations Bureau.

1. Mr. Gus Elen, the celebrated comedian, singing his "Unemployed" song. 2. Mr. Elen in his dressing-room at the Tivoli.

Photo, Bassano.

"THE BELLE OF MAYFAIR," AT THE VAUDEVILLE: Miss Phyllis Dare playing the "star" part in the big success at the Vaudeville Theatre.

The Editor to His Friends.

It is with very great interest that I have just been looking through a copy of the *Penny Illustrated Paper* for June 7th, 1862, kindly sent to me by a reader in far-off New York (Mr. C. V. Carter, of Herkimer Street, Brooklyn). As showing the rapid strides which have been made in the last forty years, I may mention that in those days the pages of the paper were far smaller than they are at the present time, whilst the whole number only contains six illustrations! Count up the number of pictures in this week's *P.I.P.* and note the difference.

Another reader (Mr. W. White, of Hospital Street, Glasgow), who has subscribed to the paper for twenty-six years, wants me to "place the world of sport under the different nationalities, viz., England, Scotland, and Ireland." (How about gallant little Wales, Mr. White?) He says: "I have looked in vain for either Scotch or Irish football items. Just to give you an idea what we are doing in the football line, we have a club, the Celtic. It has never been defeated in any of its league matches, nor has it lost a goal." (I have had Mr. White's letter by me for some time, so this may not now be true, although I hope it still is so.) "Recently it lifted the Glasgow Cup. I hope you will try and put in some Scotch, as well as Irish, sporting notes."

I am afraid that if I had so many sections for football, many other interesting features would be crowded out. But if Mr. White knows of an amateur photographer in his locality who will send me a really good photograph of an important match *within two days* of its having been played, I will willingly insert, and pay for, it. I am always willing to see good photographs of local events of every kind from readers of the paper.

Honour for English Novelist: The Prince of Montenegro, who has bestowed the Cross of the Order of Danilo upon Mr. William Le Queux, whose serial story, "The Great Plot," is now running in our columns.

"G. F." (Bradford).—Thank you for your suggestion, which I will bear in mind. "R. A. B." (Highbury).—Don't you think there has been an improvement since you wrote last? Drop me another line and let me know. "A. S." (Worthing).—I am glad the gramophone is giving such pleasure. Will you let me know your exact position at the infirmary, and I will see what I can do regarding extra records. I am sorry I have not answered your letter before.

"S. P." (Clayton-le-Moors).—I regret that I cannot find the address you require, but will let you know if I come across it later. Thanks for good wishes. "J. W." (Leiston).—Thank you for your pretty post-card and kind remarks. I am glad your son in China is so pleased with the paper. "Constant Reader" (Manchester).—I will try to publish a photograph of Newcastle United, as you ask, some time before Christmas. "E. M. H." (Guernsey).—Thank you very much for your kind letter. I regret not having acknowledged it sooner. "E. L." (Morriston).—I will try to get our farming expert to give some notes on homing pigeons.

VALENTIA STEER.

Constipation Cured.

A Free Trial of Guy's Fruit Pills.

CONSTIPATION, or a confined and sluggish condition of the Bowels, is more prolific of Human misery than any other one cause. As foes to Health—typhoid, small-pox, and diphtheria—the three most dreaded infections—are comparatively insignificant, since they do not occur to more than one per cent. of the number afflicted by Constipation, and are themselves frequently caused and always greatly aggravated by Constipation. A majority of the race, rich and poor alike, are habitually constipated. Constipation poisons the entire System, since it compels the absorption of ptomaines and toxins that should be eliminated. The train of evils that follows this form of autoinfection is almost limitless. Constipation maintains itself in a hundred ways, and finally slays its victims by thousands, although some other name goes into the death certificate.

But it tortures when it does not actually kill, and renders its victims incapable of making the most of themselves in business, in social life, or the intellectual world. It robs the Complexion of its clearness, the Eye of its brightness, the step of its elasticity. It is a slow but sure form of suicide. The victim finally poisons himself to death, possibly without knowing it. No matter what the death certificate says, the fundamental cause of one-half the deaths recorded is Constipation. Constipation is often ignored, and may be called by any one of a dozen names—uremic poisoning, Heart failure, remittent Fever, &c.

Relief must be sought by natural means, and not by drastic Salines and lowering purgatives.

Universal Prevalence of Constipation.

Most people are troubled at some time or other with a more or less confined state of the Bowels, and it should therefore be remembered by everyone that a constipated condition of the Body is to-day the most common cause of ill-health, as well as the real origin of many serious disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Nerves.

In some instances the slightest Costiveness leads to defective Appetite, slow Digestion, coated Tongue, Headache, fetid Breath, cloudy Kidney secretions, with depressed and irritable Nervous feelings. In other cases the presence of this languid state of the Bowels is often not noticed, or at any rate not considered worth attention, until the graver symptoms are set up.

Women Suffer the Most.

In Women, Constipation is not only more troublesome, but more serious in its results, for it not only ruins the Complexion by producing a sallow, blotchy Skin, with darkness about the Eyes, but irregularities of a distressing character result therefrom. Guy's Fruit Pills are by far the most suitable aperient at the most anxious periods of a Woman's life. Women are often frail, and liable to Kidney Troubles, Nervousness and Irregularities; therefore, the least Costiveness of the Bowels should be attended to promptly.

CONSTIPATION.

Constipation is a Disease itself, and a cause of Blood impurity.
Constipation provokes and gives birth to other Disorders.
Constipation wakes to painful life sleeping Diseases.
Constipation is always followed by unpleasant Symptoms.
Constipation makes other Illnesses more difficult to cure.
Constipation indicates a weak and Sluggish Liver.
Constipation destroys Health, Strength, and Beauty.
Constipation can be permanently removed in a perfectly natural manner by the aid of Guy's Fruit Pills.

GUY'S FRUIT PILLS.

The cure of habitual Costiveness cannot be brought about by any violent method; drastic purgatives simply itensify the mischief. The cure can only be accomplished in the same manner and by the same means that Nature overcomes the difficulty. Fruit does not force Nature, but works in harmony with her own operations. The Bowels are simply solicited to perform their function at a regular hour each day without the least irritation or weakening. Guy's Fruit Pills encourage the natural action, at the same time lending Tone and Vigour to the Bowels until they carry out their natural function without assistance.

A Test Free and Post Free.

We desire the merits and virtues of Guy's Fruit Pills for the relief of Constipation to be more fully known. To this end, therefore, we offer to send Samples of Guy's Fruit Pills free and post paid to all who will write to us for same. Write your name and address plainly, and say whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss. We can gain nothing except by the merit of Guy's Fruit Pills, and it is in the confident surety of their merit and virtue that we make this offer. Pamphlet, with full instructions, Testimonials, Guy's Food Chart, and valuable Hints on Diet, are sent with Samples of Guy's Fruit Pills, to obtain which, free and post paid, please address (a postcard will do)—

Send a Postcard To-day

GUY'S TONIC Co. (No. 53 Dept.),
12 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.

Guy's Fruit Pills are sold by all Chemists at 1/1½ and 2/9 per Box, or they will be sent by post at these prices by Guy's Tonic Co., 12 Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.

There is a saving in Purchasing the 2/9 size Boxes of Guy's Fruit Pills.

ACCEPT OUR FREE OFFER NOW!

P.I.P. FARMER AND GARDENER.

A Gardening Note.

It is during this week that we start the rhubarb for Christmas. We select three or four crowns that are nearly together in the bed, and we lay loosely over them a cart-load of fresh stable manure. In about three weeks' time we replenish this heap by half-a-load or so more, and we take that opportunity of placing a tub, or box, to keep the weight of the manure off the stalks as they grow. Note: This manure comes in very handy afterwards for various crops, and it will be found ready on the spot.

The Remarkable Seasons of 1906.

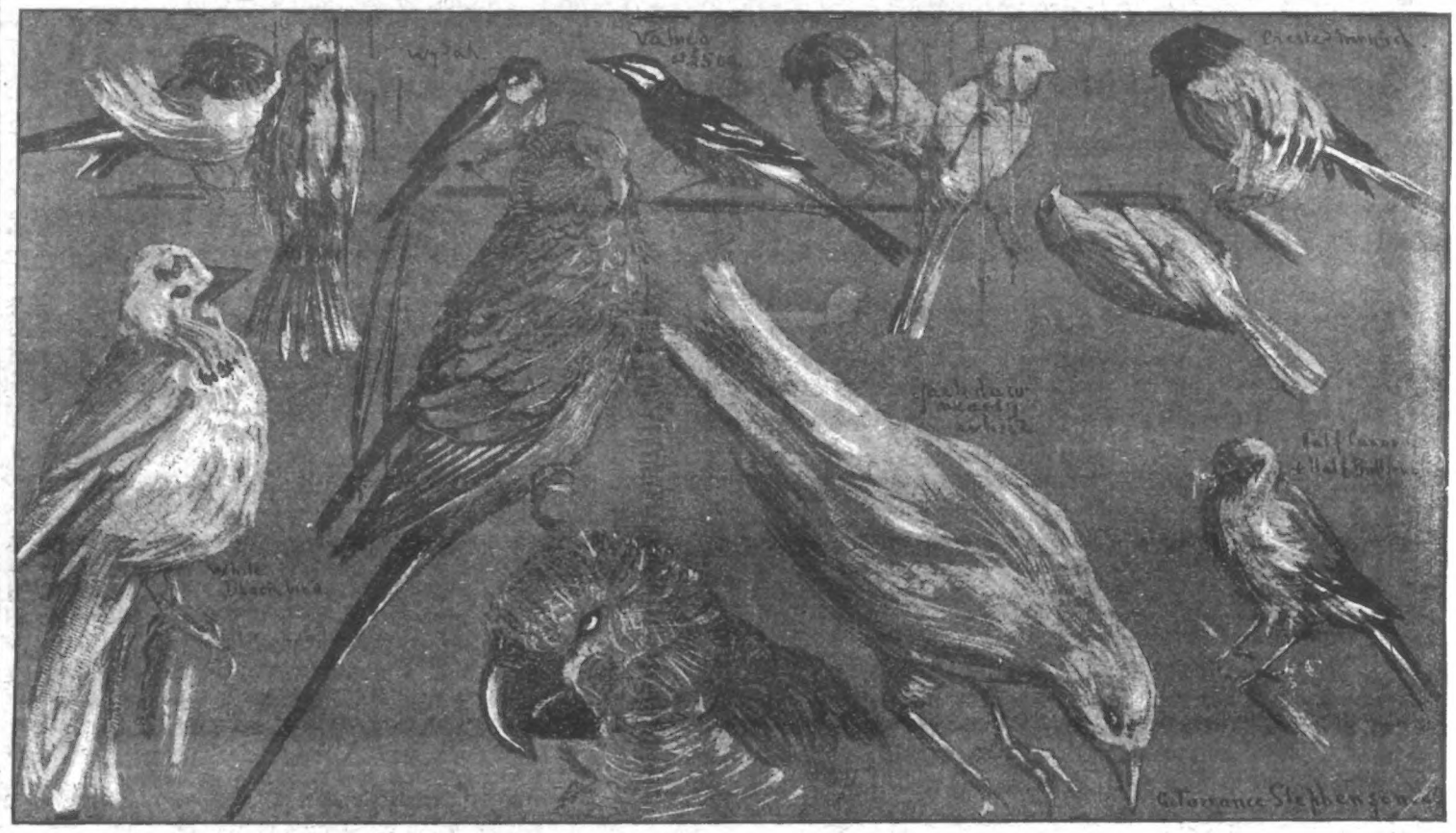
This column does not take much note of the current weather, but the weather affects many of its readers if they do not get that which is seasonable. What is it to be through the winter? If ever this country experienced a summer in winter, but for the incessant rains, more remarkable for late foliage than is the present, they who were there might have lived under the bowery trees all the year round. Whilst we write we can look out of the windows and note the apple-trees still in full foliage and the back-lying trees and shrubbery as full of leafage, if not quite so green, as it was last July.

School-Boy Farm Labourers.

Now that skilled farm labour tends so much to the cultivation of fruit and vegetables the County Council schools that encourage school gardening will feel inclined to push their effort. That said effort—what is it really? We had a class of boys last year at this time who were all competent to go out as market-farmers' handy-men. Every boy could sow seeds, prune, layer carnations, put in cuttings of currants and blackberries, plant strawberries, and pot bulbs, as well as any lad who may have had three or four years at the work. Nay, we say that any one of them could do those tasks better than could the latter individual because they had all been intelligently coached in the whys and wherefores of each cult. They could give the reasons for everything they did. Now, go into a working nursery and stop the first lad you see and ask him "what it is that causes a callosity on a hard-wooded cutting." Can he tell you? No, ten to one he cannot. Yet, we are sorry to say that, despite their cleverness, not one of those lads got employment as market-farmers' handy-lads. The last we saw of the two brightest of them was the one selling newspapers in the street and the other carrying out parcels! It makes one sad to think that nobody has thought it fitting to weld the connecting-link. That is what is wanted.

The Wisest of Teachers.

A good many schoolmasters go in for games and swimming for their boys, and not a few are taking to rifle-shooting. Query: Is there much wisdom in these? The individual bent of the teacher and his fondness for sport gets a look in, we fear, rather than does his spirit of duty. We have something to suggest here. On page 315 is a picture of a school spring flower show. It is most seasonable that we should dwell on this topic now because the bulbs for the various school-garden bulb and flower shows have just been distributed by the teachers, and the boys and girls are daily caring for them, getting them to root freely, etc., before the flowering season comes round. We had the pleasure of looking in at this show last spring. It was in a school in Norwich, and if it had been in the heart of the keenest flower-growing community in the kingdom it could not have been a brighter or a more delightful exhibition. All credit to the teachers—heads and assistants—who made it such.



FREAK BIRDS ON SHOW: The London and Provincial Ornithological Society recently celebrated the attainment of its majority by holding a cage-bird show at the Camberwell Baths, where a good many freak birds were on exhibition. There were, for instance, a hybrid of a canary and bullfinch, the only one of his class. Other rare crosses included the offspring of red-poll and goldfinch, of siskin and goldfinch, of greenfinch and goldfinch, and greenfinch and linnet, a white jackdaw, a white robin, and a white blackbird; a whitish chiff-chaff has excited some doubts about his lineage.

HEALTH DRINKING.

By making Fry's Pure Concentrated Cocoa your staple beverage at Breakfast, Lunch, and Supper, you really drink in health. It builds up the body, and helps to resist weather-changes, cold, and damp.

Fry's PURE CONCENTRATED Cocoa

'Tis told by the Taste
There's Health in Every Cup.

Mr. F. Bowles.

A Crippled Policeman.

Invalided from the Force as "Incurable." Cured of Rheumatic Gout by Bile Beans, after years of hopeless agony.

Mr. Frederick Bowles, of 15 Ashbourne Grove, Chiswick Lane, Chiswick, London, was for 23 years a member of the Metropolitan Police Force. Three years ago he left it a broken and crippled man, "incurable," and without a ray of hope. To-day, thanks to Bile Beans, he is as well as he ever was, with only the marks of years of agony to remind him of what he has gone through. To a local reporter he said: "Some time after I joined the Force I began to suffer from rheumatic gout. In the early stages it was only a painful inconvenience, but gradually it got worse. At first it was in my feet and hands. The doctor could make no impression on it, and as the months and years passed I found the gout creeping up my limbs and seizing my body. For weeks at a time I was off duty, and certainly a year never passed without my being confined to bed for a longer or shorter time. The crisis came three years ago, when I was invalided out of the Force as 'incurable.'

"The doctors said that I would be a sufferer as long as I lived, and I believed them. For a time their words seemed all too true. For eight months I lay in bed, enduring, as best I could, the most terrible agony. Move I could not. My wife used to feed me as I lay on my back, utterly helpless, and for a change used to raise me gently and prop me up with pillows. I recovered slightly, however, and was able to move about. I could cross a room, but was bent almost double, and trembled as I moved. All this time the pain never left me. My joints were badly swollen and I was in despair. What could I do? Every doctor I had consulted said the same. I was beyond help.

"One day I read about Bile Beans. What I read almost made me hope that there might be a chance left, and I sent for some Bile Beans and commenced a course. I wasn't so foolish as to expect such a case as mine to be cured in a week or two, so I persevered. When I had taken three boxes of Bile Beans I felt very much better, and from that time, to my astonishment and delight, I rapidly improved. Within a few months I was out again, walking as straight as I ever did, and working. A year ago the idea of ever working again never occurred to me, and such a suggestion would have seemed a cruel joke. I am now quite well and entirely free from gout, and no one is more surprised than myself."

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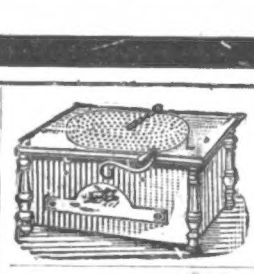

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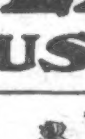

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